He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtred there a doule ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe, but let me tell the world,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtred in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Cooſen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo Wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my courteſie
Arme, arme with ſpeede, and fellowes Souldiersf, friends,
Better conſider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can liſt your bloud vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot reade them now,
O, Gentlemen the time of life is ſhort,
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ending at the arriuall of an hower,
And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs,
Now for our Conſciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt, *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on a pace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt; and heare draw I a Sword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood thath I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the loftie inſtruments of warre,
And by that muſicke, let vs all imbrace,

For

For heauen to earth, ſom
A ſecond time doe ſuch a
Heere they embrace, the
power, alarme to the B
Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy nam
What honour doſt thou
Dow. Know then my n
And I doe haunt thee in t
Becauſe ſome tell me, that
Blunt. They tell thee t
Dow. The Lord of *St*
Thy likeneſſe, for in ſtea
This Sword hath ended h
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee a
Blunt. I was not borne
And thou ſhalt find a Kin
Lord *Staffords* death.
They fight, Dowgla
Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt t
I neuer had triumpht ouer
Dow. Als done, als wo
Hot. Where?
Hot. This *Dowglas?* N
A gallant Knight he was,
Semblably furniſht like th
Dow. Ah foole, go with
A borrowed title haſt thou
Why didſt thou tell me, t
Hot. The King hath m
Dow. Now by my Swor
Ile murder all his Wardrop
Vntill I meet the King.
Our Souldiers ſtand full fai
Alarme,
Falſ. Though I could
ſhot heere, heere's no ſcor
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, ther

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22285) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Ato